1890 Howkan Permanent File

Jackson, Alaska

COPY.

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HOWCAN. (This work referred to as Haida Mission and in later years as Jackson)

Howkan (Jackson post office) is situated upon the west side of Long Island (which lies between the south end of Prince Edward Island and Dall Island), and next to Port Chester is the most important native village in this part of the territory. The Haida as a tribe are considered by many whites as equal to the Tsimpseans in point of intelligence, morals and general character. Physically they are perhaps the best formed of any of the Alaskan natives, many of them being of large frame and powerful build. They are good looking as a class, and some of the women are very pretty.

Rev. J. Loomis Gould, the Presbyterian missionary at this place, has been unremitting in his efforts with these people for the past nine years, and has been ably seconded in his work by his wife, a woman of charming character, who possesses many of the charitable and philanthropic traits which have distinguished her sister, Mrs. McFarland, so long stationed at Fort Wrangell, but now in charge of the children's home here.

There are but two white men living at the mission besides the missionary, one the superintendent of the sawmill and the other the storekeeper. This village is about 175 miles distant from Fort Wrangell by the usual route, and probably its remoteness from white settlements has aided in the success of the missionary work among these people.

The public school here, supported by the general government, is presided over by a sister of Mr. Gould, and her work among the native children has been marked by excellent results.

The children's home, in charge of Mrs. McFarland, and supported by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, is occupying tem-

porary quarters, the pretty building built for that purpose having been destroyed by fire a year ago. Mrs. McFarland and the society have at this place suffered their second loss by this means, the home at Fort Wrangell having been entirely destroyed by fire a few years ago. In both instances Mrs. McFarland lost nearly all her personal property. Howkan has a post office called Jackson, and receives mail from Fort Wrangell once a month. The regular Alaska steamersmake visits to this place only twice a year, once in the autumn and once in the spring, and remain only long enough to discharge their freight.

The village of Howkan contains about forty houses, among them a number of neat and pretty cottages occupied by natives. At the time of my visit most of the people were away for the summer, fishing and working at different canneries. There is an elaborate display of totems here, the carvings upon them being of the best workmanship. From my observations I am led to believe that the Haida rank second at least among all the other tribes in the practice of industrial pursuits, many of them displaying rare mechanical skill.

Claim for ground

John W. Mc Farland
Hoonah

COPY.

Hoonah, Alaska, March 14th, '93

Dear Brethren;-

Shortly after we came here, I selected a site for a church and school-house. An Indian claimed most of the ground which I had selected for the school. About three years since another young man wanted to build on the ground between the first man's ~~church~~ and our church. Now, the first man, whose name is Dick Ross was opposed to any one building between him and the mission, and as he had used the ground as a garden ever since we came, I knew I would have to pay him to get it. While Ross was absent on a visit to Sitka and I busy in s school, the young man set his posts and laid the foundation of his house. When school was out I saw the logs and went to see what he wa doing. I asked if he had asked permission from Ross and he said "no" I told him he had better see Ross before he did any more. When Ross came home he was very angry and told me if I would make the young man take his house away he would give me the ground for a school house. I took his word for one year, then after that I had him sign a paper to that effect. Last fall I laid some poles on the ground but an Indian in putting his canoe on the bank out of the tide moved some of my poles, and then tried to claim part of the ground. About two weeks since I put a few stakes nailed on one board which raised quite a talk. I heard or rather suspected from what I heard since that the man with the canoe was trying to get the ground for a Greek Church. A few days after I set a few posts and laid a temporary foundation which will hold the ground for one year. Now we need a building with two rooms for school, as our experience here for nine years has taugh us that our school cannot run satisfactorily with primary and advance scholars in one room be it ever so large, and when we get a teacher, Mrs. Mc Farland will have to assist in the full months.

My plan is, 30 ft. long by 24ft. wide, two stories high. Primary department on first floor with sitting room and kitchen on one end. Advanced school on second floor with two bedrooms over sitting room and kitchen. Stairs for second floor to run inside on the end. All this to be under one roof. Now if the Board will allow us $500. towards it we will try to raise the remainder. A few Greeks marrying in our tribe from other places kept up a constant talk, so that we saw the necessity of using our present building wholly for a church. Besides we do not feel like holding school in the church, as we feel that it takes away much of its sacredness. Last summer we had a steamer in here every month for seven months. We may meet Christian people who will be glad to aid us this summer. If the Board cannot help us we will make a start and trust the Lord for the rest. I hear the Greeks are building a big church at Juneau. You see the propriety in that: in summer all the Indians for miles around congregate there to work and trade, so that they can baptize and put crosses on them and catch some from all tribes. When our people go to Killisnoo or Greek Indians meet them before they get out of their candes, and ask them to come and be baptized. The priests try to buy or beguile them in some way, even threatening them. Topeka came here last Friday, the tenth, a young man from Sitka who had been to San Francisco and was made a priest, handed a number of crosses to an Indian girl, telling her to give them to any of the Hoonahs who wanted to be Greeks. This Greek element here form the whiskey ring, who want to get out from under my control.

Yours in the work,

John W. Mc Farland.

Hoonah 1900

SKETCH OF COO-WATCH (ELI NEAL) GUN-NIH-KUH (ESTHER NEAL)

They live in Hoonah, Alaska. They are about eighty years of age as nearly as can be judged. They are natives and formerly were savages. They probably first heard of Jesus Christ about eighteen years ago when they were subject to the Indian doctor Icht with all his bondage. But in 1893 they believed in the story of Jesus Christ and on February 5th, their foreheads, long ago wrinkled with age, were made wet with the waters of baptism into the name of Jesus Christ. Their tottering feet turned into a new path, the slaves of the Icht became the freemen of Jesus Christ. This occurred under the ministry of Rev. John W. Mac Farland, whose body now lies under the Hoonah evergreens.

Coo-watch is perhaps the oldest man living here. He is almost totally blind and bent like a rainbow. But he is a bow of hope. His wife is so crippled in her feet as hardly to be able to walk, and her hands are stiff with rheumatism. She is his eyes, he is her feet, and they literally "paddle down the stream of life (or Fort Frederick) in their small canoe." It is a very leaky canoe and requires frequent bailing, but there is always "room enough for two." Gun-nih-kuh seldom gets to church or to the manse, but Coo-watch seldom misses the Sabbath morning worship. He has his own seat close by the stove and there he sits with a big smile on his face listening to all that is said. Occasionally he happens at the manse at meal time. Then he always finds a place at the table - at home he sits on the floor to eat and uses his fingers for a fork - and always leaves some of the choicest food on his plate to carry home to his shaw-wat. He never forgets her.

They are very poor as they make their own living and charity is a Christian grace not well known here yet. But the smile on his face in the picture is always there, and I have never heard one word of complaint from his life. On the contrary, although expressions of gratitude are exceedingly rare here, he never receives a favor without a very clear-cut gun-a-chees. His garments though always clean, and cleanliness is not a native virtue to the Alaskan, would hardly be called respectable in a fashionable church. But he can wear white buttons on his pants with as calm a spirit as can be found beneath the finest broadcloth anywhere. And when he totters up the aisle on his cane and feels for his accustomed seat, I feel like bowing my head with greater reverence than for a king. And when he passes home to heaven, the gates will open wide and the harps will sound aloud over this trophy of redeeming grace, Coo-watch the Indian.

Jan. 2, 1900. Wm. M. Carle.

COPY OF LETTER FROM REV. WM. M. CARLE AT HOONAH, ALASKA.

Dates Jan. 2, 1900.

Dear Bro. Thompson & Co-workers:-

Praise ye the Lord. Our doubts have been rebuked and our faith rewarded beyond what we had dared to ask or think. My last letter to you was full of fears with yet a current of hope founded on a faith more or less strong that God was about to send dawn after the darkness. I do not think my fears were too great, but that human hearts have been controlled by Divine power.

I have already told you of the struggle being waged concerning the Sabbath offering. Just at the time I wrote you about it, I determined to risk all by taking another step. On December 17th I preached from the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive" and then called on them to test the text on Christmas. They had been accustomed to having a box of presents (sent from below) distributed to them every Christmas, and now I wanted them to seekthe greater blessing of bringing gifts to Jesus themselves. It was asking a great deal, but we were asking it from God and were assured He could answer large petitions.

Faith rose and fell during the interval, but never wholly failed. And then certain circumstances which arose convinced me that on the next Sabbath I must preach against their pet sin viz; feasting for the dead. I had intended to do so just after the week of prayer, hoping the Spirit would then be present in sufficient

power to avert any great disaster. But I felt I must not wait although it would seem to be giving the last blow to any hopes I had of favorable response to my call for a new Christmas. Ps. 106:22 gave me the text and I tried to set the question forth in all its sin and trying to prove every statement from the Book.

Christmas morning they were to decorate the church with evergreen, a new feature. But when the bell rang, no one seemed to know what it meant as there was to be no school. (We have only the one bell.) The church got decorated and mottoes were put up, mostly done by Indian labor. During the day one of the elders said nobody was coming in the evening, much less bring any presents.

In addition to all the above, Christmas morning had found Mrs. Carle required to stay in bed with the prospect of staying for some time. By the time meeting should begin my faith had sunk almost to the zero point. I felt I had somehow made a mistake and God was purposing to give me a disappointment, for some wise purpose, but to the complete confusion of all our labors. I tried to find some reason to stay away but as I had none, my brother refused to take charge of the meeting. I wished I was sick, but only my wife had that blessing. I finally was compelled to start, but just as I closed the door behind me I heard her call out to me: "It is all right. Don't be discouraged, the work is not yours." I went. When I arrived at the church, it was almost time to begin but only a few were present and almost wholly children and none of them would get a present. The church looked beautiful. The name

Jesus hung on the pulpit and a cross just below. A stand was just in front to receive the gifts, but what would come to His feet on this night.

I began the meeting. More people came in until the room was quite full. A hundred were present, about all who were home. But not a sign could be seen of anything to be given. With my wife's words in my ears my courage had arisen so as at least to let me bear disappointment and yet believe all would be well. Our simple exercise went along smoothly and seemed to give pleasure to all.

The time came to ask for the offerings. I gave the call.--"Bring your offerings to lay before Jesus", pointing to his name above the table. A long pause. No one moved. Mrs. Mc Farland stepped up and laid down a dollar. My brother added a piece. Again a long pause. I felt sure now there was nothing brought. But somehow I did not feel very bad about it; then a young boy walked forwarded and laid down a nickel. Another long pause. Then a woman, who is under suspension for polygamy moved up and laid down a wall pocket of baby seal skin. The movement was begun and the offerings began to come'till the table was quite full. Some gifts of money, but mostly things they had made.

And how their facesshone! I wished Mrs. Carle could have been present to see it. The year before she had been present and helped distribute a huge box of costly presentsand had seen

many of angry because they wanted more. But now every face was a patch of sunshine. And after dismissing, how they shook our hands. Mrs. Mc Farland said that even the school children came and shook her hand, something they had never offered to do before. "It was the best Christmas I ever saw" were the words of one and the sentiment of all. If any had come sullen or skeptical they were fully converted and wished they too had brought something. So I told them another opportunity would be given on Sabbath for those who had not come prepared.

I did not stop long to shake hands, but hurried home to cheer my other half and tell the good news. What a time we had. If I say we cried a little would you think me foolish? Soon Leslie and Mrs. Mc Frland came in and what a meeting we had! We had prayed together on Saturday before, now we sang, and Old Hundred nearly raised the roof somehow and rose even to the great white throne.

But that wasn't the end. The next day the oldest man in the village, almost totally blind, whose wife is so crippled in her feet as to be barely able to walk and rarely gets to church, came to our house, bringing a nice basket for Jesus. He took it in his hands, stood up and prayed: All I could understand were the words "Jesus Christ" and "Dickee ankowoo" (God) but I knew he was presenting an offering to his Savior. When he ceased he gave me the basket and then I too prayed, asking God to bless what I

knew was the giving of the widow's mite more nearly than I ever saw it before. He and his wife are very poor since they are self-supporting. I send herewith a sketch of their lived with their pictures, and I will be some disappointed if their basket sells for less than five dollars. The pictures and sketch are to go with the basket when it is sold. Perhaps I should say here that we are sending all these gifts to you to sell and use the money to spread the gospel. You will find the name Coo Watch in the bottom of the basket so you can identify it.

More gifts came in during the week and again on Sunday at both meetings. Yesterday we packed them up in bundles so as to ship them to you by mail. We have marked the price on each one as we would pay here at Hoonah and it sums up to $33.20. The cash given by the Indians is enclosed with the gifts, that given by the whites - our two merchants were present and each walked up with an offering - I will keep and you may call on Mr. Olin for the amount. Part of it will be used to pay the postage on the offerings of the Indians, so I cannot here specify the sum to collect from Mr. Olin.

But there is more yet to this story. To-day Jan 2, which is Tuesday, a man and wife came here with another offering for this collection. It was the man who had recently done the worst talking about me in connection with the matter of regular Sabbath offerings. And to our surprise they discovered one piece after another until five separate articles lay before us, the most valuable offering from any one family. The connection indicated

by the cross line above is manifest. As it occurred to us, we remembered that the most valuable offering beside this came from Elder Goss and family concerning whom you heard in my last. I have not yet dismissed him from his office and recent developments have about decided me to let him remain.

I must add here the fact that 25 families who are members of our church were absent from the village and are still absent owing to continuous storms which have kept us shut off from the world. (My letter to Mr. Olin of a week since still awaits passage.) And these include the greater part of our best weavers. Most of the baskets yet given were made by children and very old women. So we may add to this when the weather permits their return

Now I must say a word in explanation of all this. To say it is all by the grace of God omits mention of the human agencies. I merely wish to mention that I firmly believe this blessed result is very largely due to Mrs. Mc Farland. My sermon on December 17th was followed in the P. M. by her, with an account of her fifteen years' labor among them in which she didn't hesitate to say some things so plainly concerning their meanness and ingratitude as to put them to shame. Then on Dece,ber 24th, my sermon on feasting for dead was followed by a special prayer meeting in the afternoon. At this time she gave another talk in which she followed up my sermon with emphatic endorsment and did some more vigorous prodding into their ribs. Had she merely kept silent at those two times, I have no doubt my efforts would have failed. This with the

squelching she had given my two obstreperous elders just a short time previous was the human agency which turned the scale for righteousness.

An interesting incident which occurred Christmas night I forgot to tell. After all the offerings had been presented, an old man, Kosh-kah, rose up in the farthest corner and made a speech. He had always wanted to go "below" but could not. Now he had an old-fashioned salmon spear at home. He would like to bring that and send it below which would be just the same as though he should go himself. I assured him I would be too glad to send him by that method, and proceeded at once to enforce the thought. Consequently after dismissal, several came and said they would make something more before the next Sabbath.

The next Sabbath Kosh-kah walked up to the stand where all the offerings still lay, and made another speech. He used to pray to the mountains and rocks and had a very poor way to live, but now he knew of Jesus Christ and he lived so much better. He wanted to give something to his Lord. Then he drew out of his clothes a long black wooden knife. Next he gave the promised bone fish spear with a piece of their old style line. The knife he had carved for the occasion. Note the fact that the man is a member of the Russian church, not of ours. But as he spoke his eyes were full of tears, and I say and he is the only (Indian) Russian I have seen here who has made me suspect he has known a change of heart. I don't except the man who performs as a sort of sub

priest. By the way the latter has attended our meetings a number of times lately and his grown son comes now constantly. There has been talk of building a Russian church here, but I feel hopeful that those who have true piety ??? will soon come in with us.

Now, Doctor, we will send all these things to you and you may dispose of them as you judge best. I think if the spirit of the Lord be present at a fitting time, they should be sold at auction. And don't let Coo-watch's basket go for less than five dollars. Everything should sell for a considerable advance beyond the prices marked, as we would say here the price written on them. I would suggest you call in an expert on Alaska relics as some articles may have a value far beyond what is marked, as a few pieces are of considerable age. Three of the baskets have been used. They are somewhat fragrant. That may enhance the value as the odor is genuine and cannot be imitated. Take a whiff, Doctor, and see if it reminds you of the Indian house you looked into when here. That house has been replaced by a fine new one, but you no doubt remember its rosy smell. The labret is marked three dollars, but I don't know if that is large or small. One of the things brought to-day is a pestle weighing nearly five pounds. We will not send that at present as express is so high and I don't know its value. Perhaps you can give us a pointer. The mortar is not with it. The fish spear, halibut club - used for killing halibut when to be pulled into the canoe - and the powder measure as well as the labret are quite old. When you sell

them, use the money as you see fit. Of the offering from the whites, use five dollars for that special fund for those two schools in Utah which were re-opened last year. I believe the Woman's Board has them in charge. Call on Mr. Olin for $6.50 and charge to me.

I suppose your "Epistle to the Hoonah Indians" is on the way here. Whether you wrote on the basis of my faith or my fears as expressed in my last letter, I know not. If the latter, and therefore does not accord with our present condition, I will hold it and wait for the "Second Epistle to the Hoonah Indians," for of course you will be constrained to write.

I send along with this a number of pictures. Please return them at your convenience as we have no copies. The pictures of Coo-watch and Gun-nih-kuh retain and put with their baskets.

January 3, 1900.

yet

This letter has not started to Juneau and I don't have any idea when it will go.

Hoping you will not be wearied by so long a letter, I will now close and let it wait a chance to go.

With our best wishes for a merry Christmas and happy New year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Wm. M. Carle.

Copy of the account of the Hydah Mission, written by Miss Wheeler for her own church.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould went out in July, 1883, to open a mission station on "The Prince of Wales Island," off the southwestern coast of Alaska, among the Hydah tribe. A school had been previously opened by a layman, in the house of the head chief, in response to his earnest appeal. Some children of this tribe had received some instruction at Fort Wrangel Mission school, but no white woman had ever set foot on the island. The missionaries had a twelve day canoe trip over rough seas to reach their destination. Their work began with great promise, and a large school was taught by Mr. Gould's sister, but there were tremendous difficulties to contend with, a difficult language to learn, no one competent to do any work for them, the native women knowing nothing of domestic work, and the influence of the "Medicine men" to be overcome.

A saw mill had to be sent from the United States to saw lumber for their house and church, which Mr. Gould worked upon with his own hands.

For six years they never revisited the States. Meantime a Christian community was slowly forming and heathen customs were gradually abolished. The Hydahs are not a savage tribe, but have attained considerable excellence in certain arts. In summer their chief industries are seal hunting and salmon fishing. They resort in large numbers to the fisheries and canneries, whither the missionary must follow them. In course of time a Home for girls was built and it was thought to be a desirable location, removed from the demoralizing influence of white men The building was scarcely finished before it was burnt to the ground, but with indomitable courage Mr. Gould set to work to rebuild, and later on, when a Home for boys became a necessity, this also was erected. When it is remembered that the logs for the building have to be hewn and sawed for the purpose, and every nail and bolt brought from the States by the yearly steamer, the labor involved can scarcely be imagined.

Mr. Gould, before he became a missionary, was a professor in West Virginia. He had been a man of means and sacrificed much for the Union cause. Both their children, a boy and a girl, had to be sent to the States for their education, and the girl never returned, as she died the following year. The boy is now studying at Whitman College.

Hoonah People Trained to Save. Baskets, Skins, &c

Extracts from a letter from Rev. William M. Carle, dated Hoonah, Alaska, January 2, 1900.

I have already told you of the struggle being waged concerning the Sabbath offering. Just at the time I wrote you about it I determined to risk all by taking another step. On December 17th I preached from the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and then called on them to test the text on Christmas. They had been accustomed to having a box of presents (sent from below) distributed to them every Christmas, and now I wanted them to seek the greater blessing of bringing gifts to Jesus themselves. It was asking a great deal, but we were asking it from God and were assured He could answer large petitions.

Faith rose and fell during the interval, but never wholly failed. And then certain circumstances which arose convinced me that on the next Sabbath I must preach against their pet sin, viz., feasting for the dead. I had intended to do so just after the week of prayer, hoping the Spirit would then be present in sufficient power to avert any great disaster. But I felt I must now wait, although it would seem to be giving the last blow to any hopes I had of favorable response to my call for a new Christmas. Psalms 106:28 gave me the text, and I tried to set the question forth in all its sin and trying to prove every statement from the Book.

Christmas morning they were to decorate the church with evergreen, a new feature, but when the bell rang no one seemed to know what it meant, as there was to be no school. (We have only the one bell.) The church got decorated and mottoes were put up, mostly done by Indian labor. During the day one of the elders said nobody was coming in the evening, much less bring any presents. In addition to all the above, Christmas morning had found Mrs. Carle required to stay in bed, with the prospect of staying some days. By the time meeting should begin my faith had sunk almost to the zero point. I felt I had somehow made a mistake and God was purposing to give me a disappointment for some wise purpose, but to the complete confusion of all our labors. I tried to find some reason to stay away but, as I had none, my brother refused to take charge of the meeting. I wished I was sick, but only my wife had that blessing. I finally was compelled to start, and just as I closed the door behind me I heard her call out to me, "It is all right, don't be discouraged, the work is not yours." I went then. When I arrived at the church it was almost time to begin, but only a few were present and almost wholly children and none of them would get a present. The church looked beautiful. The name Jesus hung on the pulpit and a cross just below. A stand was just in front to receive the gifts, but what would come to His feet on this night.

I began the meeting. More people came in, till the room was quite full. A hundred were present, about all who were at home. But not a sign could be seen of anything to be given. With my wife's words in my ears my courage had risen so as, at least, to let me bear disappointment and yet believe all would be well. Our simple exercises went along smoothly and seemed to give pleasure to all. The time came to ask for the offerings. I gave the call, "Bring your offerings to lay before Jesus," pointing to His name above the table. A long pause. No one moved. Mrs. McFarland stepped up and laid down a dollar. My brother added a piece. Again a long pause. I felt sure now there was nothing brought but somehow I did not feel very bad about it. Then a young boy walked forward and laid down a nickel. Another long pause. Then a woman, who is under suspension for polygamy, moved up and laid down a wall pocket of baby sealskin. The movement was begun, and the offerings began to come till the table was quite full. Some gifts of money but mostly things they had made. And how their faces shone! I wished Mrs. Carle could have been present to see it. The year before she had been present and helped distribute a huge box of costly presents and had seen many of them angry because they wanted more. But now every face was a patch of sunshine. And after dismissing, how they shook hands! Mrs. McFarland said that even the school children came and shook her hand, something they had never offered to do before. "It was the best Christmas I ever saw," were the words of one and the sentiment of all. If any had come sullen or skeptical they were fully converted and wished they, too, had brought something. So I told them another opportunity would be given on Sabbath for those who had not come prepared.

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Hydak

COPY. Miss A. J. Manning

Dear Friends:-

The time for my quarterly report letter has again come. Time flies so fast when there is so much to do. It is well that it is so, for this is not a pleasant place to live. The winters are not severe, but rather mild. It is raining and snowing most of the time. The country is one dense forest, not even a foot path through it.

The Ranch or Indian town is north of us. There are not more than sixty houses in all. Most of them about forty feet square, with a ground floor in the centre, fifteen feet, for fire; a platform eight feet in width, and one in height, surrounds that; a second and sometimes a third rises one above the other. One, two, or three families may live on one side, with not so much as a blanket to separate one family from the other. Children brought up in that way know but little of morality; they are, or have been, but a step above the brute.

We have two sisters - one is now in my room sick - whose father is also their grandfather and great grandfather. He took his own child three months to live with, at the age of thirteen. She ran away from him about a year ago, leaving her two girls here. If they were not in the school he would probably live with them. Their names are Sole-won and Ah-ca-nas; they are good girls. Sole-won is very thoughtful and feels quite sure she is God's child, and I think she is.

You may want to know what my work here is. Sunday morning my first work is the care for the sick. Just at present there are fifteen. I have to be both doctor and nurse. I studied nearly two year to become a medical missionary, then was obliged to give it up. For years I was needed at home among my own sick. Before breakfast, each day, I have morning prayers with the children. Scripture is read and explained, singing and prayers. After breakfast I see that the dormitory work is done; have a fire built in the sewing room, and see that the thirty-six are ready for church and Sunday school and that their clothes are all put away. If there are any sick ones I remain at home, caring for the soul as well as the body. Last Sunday week I had such a pleasant time with Stlick-guell Wu-son, a boy of seventeen. He has been thoughtful for some time, and I had tried so hard to help him to see Jesus. After our talk on Sunday I felt that he had truly given himself to Christ. Del-singo, his brother, I have not been able to make any impression on him as yet, though he has been in my room sick for over two weeks. Nar-sock has been in my room sick the same time that Del-sin-go has. Last Sunday week he was willing to listen to the story of Christ and seemed to understand it. Last Sunday when I sat down alone with him I found him very desirous of being God's child.

Most of the girls love more to have you talk to them of Jesus than anything else. Maggie, who is going fast with consumption, I have not been able to draw her to me yet, but want to, that she may learn of Christ before she goes hence. She has been here but a few weeks; she is a homeless and motherless child.

Monday I see to the work in the laundry. To-day when I came in I found an Indian woman from the Ranch waiting for me to give her medicine. It is sometimes hard to know what is their trouble; she had a heavy cold and was troubled with scrofula sores. The man I went to after dinner was simply a bilious attack.

Tuesday, Thursday and Friday is making and mending day. Tuesday afternoon I meet with rwo girls from the Ranch for Scripture lesson, and in the evening I meet with my class of Home children for a C. E. meetings. Friday afternoon is the teachers' prayer meeting, and in the evening I have another class of little ones for a Scripture lesson and prayer. Wednesday I see to the ironing and in the evening to the bread making; they mix for 150 loaves. Saturday is bathing the children, combing them, and getting the wash started for Monday. They are pleasant

children to do for.

This Sabbath four from the Home, two from the Ranch, and Mrs. Gould's niece, all united with the church on profession of their faith. Last Sunday one who had been in the Home, and two others the Sabbath before that.

Those who express a desire to unite with the church are generally kept waiting for some time to see if they are likely to be faithful.

I will close with best wishes for your society.

Yours in Christ,

A. J. Manning.